

World-Building Location: Dustfall

Beyond verdant hills and forests older than names, one may find the quarry-town of Dustfall.

Back in the distant age of 376, a group of miners grew sick of their mistreatment at the hands of their bosses. They loaded sixteen tons of Jenennockite a day, a volatile material with mutagenic properties. The poor workers, bit by bit, lost themselves amongst their mutations due to their bosses not wanting to waste money on safety measures. So armed revolt was had, and they left their bosses to make their own mine where none would be left behind.

They bought land between the Unia mountains and created a vast quarry-town for themselves and their families. It was surrounded by wild vegetation, extravagantly colored animal life, rivers that sounded like chingling silver and a sky bluer than the smell of the sea. Their houses were almost normal, but extra rooms and floors were added here and there until they were all interconnected, making everyone family by proximity alone. The air was alight with a thousand scents and the sweat from their brows was like refreshing dew.

After a storm of dust rendered another mining quarry obsolete, the Unia quarry-town found its business booming as a result. After that, it was finally baptized by its citizens as *Dustfall*.

But their troubles did not stop with their exodus. Trouble found them on its own.

As they used explosives to mine further down, they awakened something; The Samuo. A parliament of monsters made of smokeless fire and death-sharp teeth, skulking in the shadows, waiting for their chance to assimilate and consume all within the town. Thus, the Burnt Grace Division of the town's guard was born, wielding flamethrowers to destroy anything they suspect of being infected.

Now, no one except the Abyss Divers are allowed to discover new depths of the Mother Mine.

The town relies on its syndicates to keep peace and cooperation, but paranoia is patient, and it always wins.

Life inside of Dustfall is a careful dance of routine, duty and recreation. People live with the idea that their way of life is under threat, though they always try to live it to the fullest. They work from 5AM to 1PM and spend the rest of the day enjoying themselves. While quite militant, they are full of great mirth and spontaneously baking pastries for neighbors is a regular community-bonding activity. Unfortunately, life is still harsh, so they are struggling with some people wanting to leave Dustfall, so they do their best to reform the city without compromising on their safety. One thing remains true, though harsh life is still brilliant.